5.

THE

CEDAR HILL REPOSITORY.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The preface even of a good book rarely finds many readers, and they universally prefer that it be short.

The little unpretending visitant from Cedar Hill, shall not therefore offend the taste of its gentle readers with a long preface. It would simply tell them, that about three years ago a seminary was established at the place above designated, and received the name of the Young Ladies' Lyceum Institute.

Among the other objects of female education, it was determined that the cultivation of a just taste in literature should not be overlooked. Lessons in rhetoric, and criticisms on the multifarious literature of the day, by the teacher, did not fulfil the object.

Personal efforts were also made, on the part of the learner, to give form and substance to the instruction received.

About thirty select original performances have been read at each of the public semi-annual examinations; and the Cedar Hill Repository comes before the public, solicited by several friends of the Institute, who were present on these occasions; in whose perhaps too favourable judgment, many of the productions were thought too good to be thrown aside upon a single reading.

Shall we be allowed the indulgence of a timid hope that they

were not mistaken? Few things would afford us more unalloyed satisfaction, or furnish for the fair residents and alumnæ of Cedar Hill a more invigorating incentive to cultivate this useful and exalted accomplishment of the mind.

ARTICLE I.

CEDAR HILL.

My Dear Kate—Whilst looking over the daily papers, I suppose your eyes have frequently been greeted by the name of Cedar Hill, and Young Ladies' Institute; and doubtless you have frequently wished to hear of the situation of this favourite place. As your great distance from it will prevent you from attending one of our semi-annual meetings, I will gratify your curiosity by some sketches of its situation and scenery.

The school is delightfully located near the banks of the peaceful Chiquesalunga, which forms the western boundary of our little domain.

It is twenty-five miles from the State capital, and a half-day's ride will take you to the metropolis. The school derives its name from a grove of cedars near by, which affords a cool and refreshing retreat to the pupils after the school confinement of a summer day: one side of it is washed by the Chiquesalunga, which, passing under the precipitous bank, murmurs slowly by, as if detained by the musical laugh of the frequenters of the grove. But the grove is not the only thing that attracts attention; for, let your eye wander a little farther, and it is arrested by the railroad, leading from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, which, as it leaves the grove, passes over a lofty bridge, elevated fifty feet above the stream, and, stretching its arms five hundred feet to the opposite bank, its white lattice-work and massive piers add much to the beauty of the scenery, and form an agreeable contrast with the green of the fields and foliage, which are to be seen from around, above, and below.

The prospect from the bridge is most beautiful. As far as the eye can reach, Nature presents herself in her favourite colouring, and you find yourself surrounded on all sides by extensive woodlands, fields, and hills; also, mills and dwellings speck the landscape; below, stretching along the silvery stream, is to be seen the winding excavated valley formed by the Chiquesalunga.

The bridge is generally selected by us for our promenade, and every pleasant evening may a party of us be seen flitting up and down upon it, the grove sending back the echo of our merry voices.

But I must not leave the grove and bridge without mentioning some of their attractions. In the centre of the grove there is a fine swing, and three very good seesaws; and every fine evening, from sunset until night spreads her sable mantle, may our merry laugh be heard, as four or five of us are striving to increase the distance of our companion's aerial flight, in order that she may wave a salute to the tree tops; or watching the quick movement of the seesaws.

Follow me in your imagination a few steps farther—we will cross the railroad, and a fairy spot presents itself—this is the Dell; the descent you will find rather difficult, it being nearly inclosed by steep hills, but when you once reach it, you will find you are doubly repaid for your trouble, for it is the most retired, and one of the most beautiful spots you have ever seen; and for this reason it is generally our favourite resort, when we wish to put our bright thoughts on paper; it is filled with delightful shade trees, some of which look old enough to have seen the Indian dart down the Chiquesalunga, in his light canoe, and fanned his cheek as he reclined against them during the heat of the day.

Near the Dell, on an eminence, is now building the new school edifice, the situation of which is most beautiful; the railroad will pass within fifty yards of the front of the house, and we shall therefore have a fine view of the cars passing and repassing every day; it is finely shaded on one side, by beautiful trees, and situated nearly opposite the grove. A more retired and picturesque spot could not be selected as a situation for a school. Does not your bright imagination, my dear Kate, lead you to suppose that some of the nymphs that frequented such places in times of yore, still fondly linger round these fairy spots, and, with tears of regret,

see their favourite haunts one by one destroyed, as improvement, with rapid strides, crosses the land?

I will add a short episode, which will, perhaps, suit your taste better than my attempt at descriptive writing.

Last evening, not having finished your letter, I took it to the Dell, hoping that the kind genius of the place would come to my assistance, as she is generally reported to have done on similar occasions to my companions; I seated myself upon the trunk of an aged elm, which overhangs the creek, and sleep soon closed my eyelids.

My attention was suddenly arrested by a beautiful female who approached me—her lovely countenance was bright with smiles—in a soft musical voice she thus addressed me:

"Mortal! fear me not, I will not harm you; I am the genius of this place, and I want you to lend a listening ear, as I give you a brief history of myself.

"Centuries have rolled by since I first took this Dell under my special care; then my domain extended as far as the eye can reach, up and down this stream; then were no human sounds to be heard but the warwhoop of the savage; but this has long since ceased, and been succeeded by the less musical note of the axe and hammer, as the workmen have been engaged in destroying many of our favourite haunts.

"See there!" said she, pointing to the cars that were just passing the bridge; "that was one of the first things that frightened us; and half of our number melted away into tears to see their favourite haunts thus mutilated; still, however, I continued to cheer the rest of my companions, although my heart was sad, for I thought that even this place would soon be destroyed; and whole nights, from sunset until Aurora threw open the bright gates of the east, would I lie bathed in my tears; however, my eyes were soon greeted by great preparations for the erection of that building," said she, pointing to the new edifice, "and that has again revived my drooping spirits; I shall soon be inhaling a literary atmosphere, the breath of which is most agreeable to me. No longer do I sigh for death; my bright domain shall be now secure from all destructive invaders, and my ears shall be daily greeted with the merry voices of the lovers of science and poesy, and I shall be often employed in my favourite engage-

ment, that of aiding all who come to my assistance, in what they consider the arduous task of furnishing literary contributions." Saying this, she vanished. I awoke, and found, though sleeping, my time had not been unemployed; for, by the timely assistance of the Dryad of the Dell, I have, as you see, brought my lettter to a close.

IRENE.

ARTICLE II.

THE BURIED JAR,

OR,

A PEEP AT POSTERITY.

THE happy day of the anniversary of our independence had again dawned. Bright and beautiful was that joyful morning. All participated in celebrating it; even *Nature* had put forth her fairest garb and sweetest smiles to welcome it.

Nor was there less joy among the inmates of the *Lyceum Institute;* for on that day the corner-stone of a building dedicated to female education was laid. Preparations had been made for the occasion. Early we repaired, dressed in white, to Cedar Hill, (the site of the new edifice.) After some preliminary exercises, the stone was laid; we had previously placed beneath it a *jar*, containing the records of the present day, hoping that at some distant period, long after we have ended our pilgrimage, it may be discovered, and thus re-awaken the memory of us in the hearts of our descendants.

Evening had arrived. My mind was still engrossed with the proceedings of the day. I threw myself on a sofa, where Morpheus soon spread his *irresistible* influence over me.

Scarcely had I been there, when I felt a suffocating oppression;

I tried to move my palsied limbs, but alas! I found it impossible. A cold and hard substance seemed to surround me *close*, while impenetrable darkness rendered my situation *horrible!*

Escape was impossible——What! buried alive? Imprisoned for ever within these massy walls?

Exhausted by so much exertion, I sank into *perfect* insensibility.

I was aroused from my stupor by indistinct sounds. Something struck with violence the outer walls of my prison; then, I heard confused voices. Scarce could I contain myself at my unexpected liberation.

I watched for the smallest aperture, and soon perceived a little glimmering light above me, by which I was enabled to examine my dungeon. It was circular; some papers were laid very carefully in a corner, also some coins, and a roll of music.

Eagerly I examined them, and found to my great surprise that they were the same we had placed in the jar! but in amazement I discovered that I was *myself* in the jar. How long I had been there, 'twas impossible to tell, but could my friends have thus *cruelly* shut me up and sent me down to posterity?

The noise above my head continued, and suddenly, the top of my prison being removed, a flood of light burst in. To form a *conception* of my surprise would be in vain. A new world was before me, I gazed on the crowd around, but they, regarding me as a supernatural being, dared not approach me. No wonder they should, to see a mortal form arise from a jar which had been *centuries* buried under ruins.

At last a venerable man arose, and coming towards me with a half-fearful look, addressed me in an unknown dialect. I pointed to the jar: understanding the motion he emptied it of its contents, his wonder increasing every moment.

Meanwhile I was anxiously looking for some object which I might recognise, and solace my heart by some sweet remembrance, but, alas! none could I see.

The green fields, the shady groves, the creek on whose banks I had spent so many happy hours, the home of my childhood, all —all were gone!

I was in the centre of a large town; houses crowded upon my

view, while numbers of strange faces surrounded me. My clothes were entirely out of fashion, and intolerably old. My limbs felt chilled and stiff.

Seeing I was in want, they conducted me to one of their houses. No sooner was I placed at a table, filled with various refreshments, when by a *steam machine* they were transported into my mouth, without the least exertion on my part! Another steam engine carried me to a couch—even *sleep* itself came by *steam*.

After reposing myself awhile, I was conducted to the entrance of the house, where I perceived something in the shape of a *vessel*. I entered it: the sails were unfurled, and I was going through the air with astonishing velocity. What were the finest steam-cars, which I had some centuries before thought *so much of*, compared with these? How much did I then wish for *one*, at least, of my companions to share my astonishment—but I was *alone*, though in the midst of multitudes.

In our progress through the *new* element, I observed many conveyances, bearing a similarity to the one I was in, differing only in colours and shapes, for some had the forms of birds and various other animals.

Soon we hovered over a town of great magnificence. We entered one of the principal streets, and were safely *landed* opposite a house of such beauty, that I doubted not but that I was going to be taken to the *President:* I was conducted to a large room; at the end of it, seated on a throne, I perceived—no, *that* could not be a *President*—I discovered to my horror, that *royalty* had found its way into the country of Washington!

Scarce could I believe that I was in my own native land, though its star-spangled banners were waving over the *throne*.

I shuddered when I looked towards it; and when the *King* extended his sceptre towards me, trembling I turned, with a frown-darkened brow, and started—but the spell was broken!

I was still among my own dear friends at *Cedar Hill*, and happy to find that I had taken but *a peep at posterity*.

IDA.

ARTICLE III.

SUNRISE.

A DESCRIPTION.

A FEW faint streaks above the eastern horizon, are the first indications of the approach of the sun. The cock, awakened from his peaceful slumbers, is the harbinger of the dawn, and with his own peculiar notes first hails its return. Soon a faint carol from some of the warblers is heard, which awakens into a more powerful strain as day approaches. See! the clouds! How deeply they are tinged! How variegated their lines! What a striking contrast between yon snowy mountain form, and the deep red and yellow of the eastern horizon!

As the sun approaches the horizon, sable Night, with his innumerable train of stars, takes his departure. Pale Cynthia, too, is overpowered with his beams, and her more delicate beauty is obscured by the splendour of his light. Somnus forsakes his empire, and leaves his votaries entirely under the influence of the sun, and soon awakens them from their lethargy.

But see! what splendid sight bursts upon our view! Just peeping above the eastern horizon, the sun in all his majesty comes before us, like an orb of fire, too dazzling to be gazed upon. How beautiful the reflection upon yon distant forest! How bright and glistening its morning robe of green!

The invigorating effects of the rising sun are seen upon the vegetable kingdom. Plants as well as animals require a season of repose, and *night* is generally their resting-time. When darkness veiled the sky, most plants folded their leaves and closed their flowers, but the first rays of the sun expand their leaves, and unfold their delicate petals. New strength seems to be imparted to the plant, and the flowers clothe themselves with fresher beauty, as they are more or less favoured with the influence of the sun.

The numerous warblers of the forest send forth their mellifluous notes of joy, their matin hymns of praise to their Creator.

The first rays of the sun awake even the *beasts of burden* from

their slumbers, and they go forth with fresh strength to pursue their wonted labours. The cheerful squirrel, the sportive deer, the little insect, and the most majestic animals, are alike enlivened by the first ray of the morning sun.

Man, the noblest work of his Creator, endowed with powers of intellect and emotion, and free volition, should, more than any of the animal creation, enjoy the sunrise. Last night he sunk to repose, perhaps, wearied with the toils of the day. Wrapt in peaceful slumbers, till sunlight opens his eyes, and thrills through his frame, think you, that as he beholds the sun, rising in all his splendour from the horizon, that feelings of admiration, and adoration to the great centre of all things, will not fill his soul? Will he not be inspired with fresh vigour, to pursue his former employments?

The pure and delightful air of the morning, enlivened by the rising sun, infuses energy and life into the heart of man.

But they who are desirous of beholding and enjoying the pleasures of sunrise, should *themselves rise* before the dawn. They should go forth into the country, near a shady forest, where they can not only behold the sun in all his glory, but also see his reflection upon the thick foliage of the trees.

How many there are, who never see the sun rise? Their eyes are fast closed in sleep, until the god of day has advanced far in the heavens! O! ye sunrise sleepers! awake from your slumbers—arouse yourselves from your lethargy, and go forth into the cool invigorating air, ere the sun has risen in the heavens. Go and view him commencing his brilliant career over the earth!

Behold him peeping from behind yon distant mountains! See him ascending higher and higher in the sky! Would you be deprived of such a sight merely for a little more sleep? *Surely* you cannot be so insensible to the emotion of beauty, as to prefer the dull, heavy, morn-protracted sleep to the brilliant scene of sunrise.

[redacted]. Amy

ARTICLE IV.

LA NOUVELLE MODE D'ÉCRIRE DE DOUCES COMPOSITIONS.

Une nouvelle mode d'écrire de douces compositions! (J'entends dire à mes lecteurs) qu'est-ce que cela veut dire? tous les jours on invente de nouvelles modes; mais je ne savais pas que l'esprit humain puisse aller si loin, que d'inventer *une mode*, pour écrire de bonnes compositions; surtout, si cela se fait sans tourment.

Cela est ainsi, jeunes filles, essuyez donc vos larmes, reprenez vos plumes avec ardeur, soyez attentives, et je vous apprendrai cette admirable mode.

Tout était confusion dans la grande salle où se tenait notre école! C'était l'heure de la récréation, et cependant, la chambre continuait à être remplie, de jeunes personnes, qui paraissaient absorbées dans leurs études. Tout d'un coup leur silence, si parfait, fut rompu, par une voix s'écriant. Est-il possible qu'il n'y ait plus que deux semaines jusqu' à notre examination? Oh! que faire? je ne serai jamais préparée; et moi qui n'ai pas encore commencé ma composition, (répondirent plusieurs autres) que ces vieilles examinations sont terribles; elles donnent tant de peines. Que vous êtes sottes de parler ainsi interrompit une autre qui ne manquait pas d'être très fière de ses talents pour la composition. C'est votre faute, regardez! moi j'ai fini, et je suis si heureuse!

Vous êtes vraiment bien savante répondit une seconde qui assise dans un coin était (faute de mieux) occupée à griffoner sur son ardoise. Ne nous querellons pas, Mesdemoiselles, s'écria une grande fille en se levant de sa chaise, pensons plutôt à nos compositions; il me semble que je pourrais aisément en écrire une mais malheureusement, c'est qu'il faut une espèce de style, et c'est ce que je ne peux réussir à avoir, car je veux du sel dans mes productions. Du sel! du sel! s'écria une jolie petite fille aux joues rosées, du sel dans votre composition; c'est assez aisé je cours vous chercher la salière, et le poivre aussi si vous le

voulez. Arrêtez! arrêtez! Je ne veux pas dire cette espèce de sel qui *fond* si aisément, Je veux dire que je voudrais, qu'elle soit remplie d'esprit afin de plaire. Ah! oui si nous pouvions toutes arriver à cela, (se fit entendre de tous côtés.) Le style! vous l'oubliez. Et bien, commençons alors; mon sujet est '*Mudville*' qui doit être quelque chose de drôle, a faire mourir de rire, le mien est '*the echo*' le mien the '*Arrow head*' le mien '*the Coxcomb*' qui doit être une pièce dramatique. Arrêtez! dit une qui était la seule qui ne se fut pas mélée au *débat*, ma tête est remplie d'idées et je ne puis écrire au milieu de cette confusion. (Mais personne ne fit attention à ce qu'elle disait) le mien est '*This and Alcohol.*' Prenez garde, vous qui parlez contre l'alcohol et les distilleries (interrompit une timide fille) qu'on ne vous mette en prison:—elle ignorait l'assurance de ses compagnes.—C'est justement ce que nous aimerions, vraiment cela nous rendrait aussi célèbres que l'auteur de '*Deacon Giles' Distillery*' rien au monde ne serait plus agréable; mais plus de bavardage commençons à écrire.

On commence,—on essaie, mais pas une seule idée ne vient; enfin on est obligé d'abandonner: avec des figures sur les quelles est peint le désappointment, elles quittent la classe, et tâchent par de frivoles occupations de faire renaître la paix dans leur cœur, mais cela est impossible, au moins pour ce jour-là.

Le soleil se leva le lendemain de cette triste journée avec splendeur; on aurait dit que ses rayons de lumière avaient percé les cœurs de nos jeunes écolières; tant la sérénité était encore une fois empreinte sur leur front; en regardant ces figures enjouées, je ne pus m'empêcher de dire tout haut; Je sais qu'elles réussiront aujourd'hui; mais suivons-les une seconde fois à l'école.

Elles prennent leurs places, et commencent l'emploi de la veille, mais avec quelle différente humeur; tout réussit; on a presque fini. Qu'a cette Encre? qu'elle ne coule pas s'écrie une des jeunes personnes, avec laquelle nous avons fait connaissance hier; elle est si épaisse, en disant cela, elle suce sa plume (chose assez cemmune aux écolières) elle est douce, comme du miel? quelqu'un a certainement mis du sucre dans l'encre. Je ne m'étonne pas alors, que nous allions si bien aujourd'hui, oui, voilà la raison, ah! que je suis contente que nous ayons fait

cette découverte, nous n'aurons jamais plus de tourment avec nos compositions—Mais qui a fait cette bonne action?

On cherche, on s'informe, personne ne sait; et pourtant les compositions sont finies, on les porte au principal qui les accepte; tout este préparé pour l'Examination; la journée finit naturellement en jeux, et en ris.

A présent, qui oserait dire un mot contre ce nouveau *précepte de Rhétorique*, et vous, Mesdames, ne l'oubliez jamais quand vous aurez quelque chose de *doux* à écrire.—A présent je veux vous confier un secret, nos jeunes écolières avaient la bonne volonté, et la belle humeur—à quoi, attribuerez-vous leurs succès?

IDA.

ARTICLE V.

THE NAIAD'S COMPLAINT;

OR,

CHIQUESALUNGA IMPROVEMENTS.

SILENTLY, and I may say *anxiously*, I took my slate, a few weeks before the autumnal examination, determined to commence in *due time*, to prepare to contribute something for that great occasion.

For this purpose I seated myself on the banks of the sweet Chiquesalunga; its peaceful solitude being generally sought for by those in the same perplexity with myself. I hoped that it would also have some effect on *my* thoughts. I almost wished that there could be some kind *genius* whose compassion could be excited in my behalf; and, gazing on the limpid stream, I exclaimed half aloud, "O pleasing illusions of ancient Greece! Her poets had always some presiding deity over *their* streams; why should not the beauty of *this* be increased by the belief that some fair Naiad has made it her favourite abode? Are its waters

not clear enough, or its banks not green enough to tempt hither their fairy steps?"

Such were my thoughts, when a soft languor spread over me, and I sunk into quiet repose. I was still on the same mossy spot, when suddenly a form arose from the midst of the stream. She supported herself on an urn, from which the water flowed in a small cascade; her white robe gracefully waved in the wind. I recognised the *Naiad of the Chiquesalunga*, but there was an air of sadness on her brow, as, in a mournful tone, she gave vent to her sorrows.

"O happy! happy were the days when none *dared* intrude on my solitude, save the lone Indian, who, when the sun shed its fiery rays, sought refreshment for his wearied limbs on my borders; for then man had not laid his destroying axe on the luxuriant forests which grew on either side, and this stream was large and noble, bounding from rock to rock; but since the trees have been cut down, it gradually evaporates, till, some day, *I too* will have to seek another retreat.

"Man, in his desire for improvement, allows me not a moment's repose; all conspires to render me miserable. *Mills*, as may well be supposed from their interminable clatter, are great destroyers of my peace, but man calls them useful, and I am forced to give up to his superior will.

"Then *mill-races*—what use can there be in them, except forcing me to give up my most favourite haunts? Bridges, *they* too seem to *me* worse than useless, with those *great machines* passing over them, that with their thundering noise almost deprive me of my senses. But no! man is intent in destroying my happiness in every possible way, and will not rest till he has arrived at such a degree of *improvement* (as he calls it,) that every thing will be *his*, and subjected to his love of power.

"But all these grievances are nothing, compared to those *distilleries*,—(and her tears flowed faster as she proceeded). No! nothing can equal the misery which they have occasioned me, pouring their *contaminated waters* into mine; while the *abominable effluvia* proceeding from them would, had I been mortal, long since have caused my death, by absolute suffocation. Not content with those which already disgrace my banks, they are even now erecting one, but if my wishes could be of any effect, how

soon would it be desolate! I am not alone in my complaint; all *rational* beings join with me in saying that these distilleries are a *curse* to the human race and issue, in blasting the brightest hopes of man—ah, and of woman too! I never pass before their *dark* smouldering forms, but I think they are in mourning for the many miserable beings they have murdered. Temples of Bacchus! or rather of his filthy Silenus! Why has not the earth long since recoiled from such nauseous burdens—gaped, and involved you (with your inmates) in one common ruin?" She ceased; a shudder agitated her frame; then, gaining her self-possession, she continued.

"Some, regardless of the pain they inflict, find delight in tormenting my poor innocents, the fishes, whose sports were wont to fill my heart with joy, but *they* too are sad, wondering that man *with all his pride* of warm and boasted benevolence, should find pleasure in such trifling, yet *cruel* enjoyment.

"Schools," she added, (for young ladies, of course, she meant,) "have never disturbed me; on the contrary, I have ever sympathized with the *young aspirants*, when I saw them pressing their hands to their aching foreheads. Often, however, in recreation hours, has their merry laugh struck a chord long since silent in my heart. Anxiously do I look up to the *new edifice*, watching daily its progress; for, when the *fair inhabitants* of the *Lyceum Institute* remove to this mansion, I intend to do my utmost in assisting them in their interesting and pleasant engagements, especially *composition*"—(looking at my slate and pencil.)

A gentle breeze arose, agitating the leaves of the trees, and forming small ripples on the glassy surface before me. The Naiad bowed her head on her bosom, and disappearing beneath the waters, I saw her no more.

A thrill of pleasure ran through me—I opened my eyes!—Was it indeed but a dream? The moon was shining with a clear bright light, and without difficulty I soon regained the school, where I *too* wait for the event in which the *Naiad* takes so much interest, hoping that then she will have ceased her complaints, and be ready to fulfil her promise.

IDA.

ARTICLE VI.

THE GARDEN OF LITERATURE.

On a sultry day, being oppressed with the heat of the town, I rambled forth to enjoy the refreshing air of the country.

I proceeded, unconscious whither my steps were leading me, until I found them arrested by a stream which crossed my path; I was then obliged to change my course, and proceeding in the direction of the stream, soon came into a region of the greatest beauty; the scene was so inviting, and in such perfect unison with my feelings, that I could not forbear seeking rest from the scorching rays of the sun.

I had not been long in this cool retreat, ere the hum of insects, the warbling of birds, the distant lowing of cattle, lulled me to repose.

Suddenly as thought the scene changed; the verdant country was turned to a barren waste; yet there was one spot in the centre surrounded by mountains, which, by the appearance of green on their summits, I judged to be a more favourite place; and I determined to ascend, whatever might be the difficulties. Suiting the action with the thought, I immediately commenced, and after surmounting innumerable difficulties, I stood on the much-desired summit; but what a scene struck my astonished sight; at the base of the mountains lay a valley of such surpassing loveliness, that for a moment I really thought I was in the *land of the blest;* and looking round for an explanation of the scene, I perceived near me a diminutive being, and upon inquiring the name of this delightful spot, was told it was the Garden of Literature. Expressing a desire of visiting this fair region, he offered to be my guide; and I soon found myself soaring in the air, and in a short time alighting in the garden; although my admiration had been great whilst beholding it from a distance, it was much increased upon a near view. A fountain stood in the centre, from which issued a stream of the purest water; the soil was so fertile, that flowers of all descriptions, from the unassuming violet to the unequalled exotics of the oriental world, grew here; birds of all climes seemed gathered

here, and filled the air with their warbling; trees of all heights, from the towering palm to the common shrub, here found a place; and insects of every beautiful form, were seen flitting from flower to flower, drawing the rich nectar from their cups.

Yet, notwithstanding the beauty and fertility of the garden, there was an appearance of disorder throughout the whole place, which plainly showed the hand of a skilful florist was much needed.

It was divided indeed into different parterres, but the wildest luxuriance every where prevailed—the plants grew so closely that the invigorating rays of the sun were prevented from reaching their roots; flowers seemed heaped on flowers, in confused and crowded variety; the most unsightly weed was allowed to grow by the side and overtop the most beautiful of Flora's favourites. The disorder which prevailed painfully disappointed me. "What a pity!" I exclaimed, to my guide; "what a sad condition for such a favourite spot! Who is the gardener?"

"Gardener," he answered, "has it none; but it is attend by numerous celebrated florists, among which are Beauty, Sublimity, Wonder, and several others—their success has been what you have seen.

"There is an old gardener, Science, by name, who has often applied to the Genius of Literature to allow him and his daughter Taste to come and take charge of the garden, but having heard he was in the habit of pruning the trees rather too closely, and destroying many plants, he has been hitherto unwilling to place the garden under his care."

Suddenly a change came over my dream; the garden was again presented to my sight, and Science and his daughter Taste were there. What a revolution had been produced in the place since my last view of it.

Their doings immediately attracted my attention; Science cut down many useless plants, and selected many others to supply their places; whilst his daughter Taste followed him and arranged them in different divisions, according to their beauty, and the advice of her attendant, Judgment. It was now a second Eden; the air was filled with a delicious fragrance, the birds seemed carrolling a livelier song, and even the green of the plants and trees appeared to wear a brighter colour than before. "Now,

you see," exclaimed my guide, "what Literature is without Science, but when combined with Science and Taste, who can resist its influence?"

On a turn in the path of the garden, I was brought near enough to see the gardener and his daughter, and ascertain their different employments; Science was busily engaged in cutting flowers, and Taste was by his side, arranging them into bouquets to be presented as prizes at a Young Ladies' Examination, which was to take place in a few days.

She was dressed in a robe of the purest white, which was fastened up by silver bands, and fell in graceful folds around her form; her hair, which hung in graceful ringlets round her face and neck, was floating in the breeze; and whilst gazing at her angelic beauty, for a moment I stood entranced; but her occupation soon roused me, and being a member of the school for which the bouquets were intended, in too eagerly pressing towards her to see if not one were for me, she put forth her hand to repress me—surprised at the act, I started back—the scene vanished—and I lost one of the favours which was doubtless intended for me, and deprived you, my friends, of the privilege of reading a better contribution to the "Cedar Hill Repository."

IRENE.

ARTICLE VII.

TINTINNABULUM.

TO THE READING COMMITTEE OF THE YOUNG LADIES' LYCEUM.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

As my office during the present year has not generally been a popular one, I determined to address those who would be most likely to give me their attention, and after some deliberation, concluded I should find none more indulgent to hear, or prompt to redress my grievances than your committee.

You may perhaps wonder what, I not being subject to the rules of school, could have to say of *my* trials and vexations; yet you must have heard the repeated exclamations of your young and gay companions against what they are pleased to call the *provoking* sound of my voice.

No longer ago than yesterday, when I kindly told the hour of retiring, a rosy-cheeked little girl, to whom I had always felt kindly disposed, seized me with both hands before she ascended the stairs, and running to a door, was about to precipitate me into the cellar, when fortunately one of the teachers came along, and she was glad to make her escape, and went up stairs saying, "*Thank fortune*, we will not have to run at your pleasure next week."

I frequently hear some hard sayings against my punctual announcement of the return of daylight; when I deserve thanks for arousing them in time to behold the splendour of the rising sun.

In bright moonlight evenings I am obliged to remind those who feel a little sentimental, and disposed to linger on the beautiful banks of the Chiquesalunga, that the hour for their study has arrived, and *you* know how often I have received the appellation of annoying, odious, and provoking, and how often I have been wished at the bottom of the ocean.

Many such indignities I meet with daily, and perhaps *you* do not at *all* times gladly listen to the notes of my voice; my calls may not be the sweetest music to *your* ears in the morning, and perhaps you may rejoice when you shall no longer be subject to my discipline. However, I feel pretty certain of having some warm friends in your seminary, and you will not be at a loss to know who they are.

How often your teachers apply to me when they are disturbed by your noise, and, when something occurs to excite your risibilities, how necessary is my warning to check your emotions.

I know you often feel thankful to me for my aid in keeping order, when you are deeply engaged in study, or writing a composition, *then* you are glad to ask some one to give me a touch.

Do you not remember how regular I have been in all my duties? and although the Sabbath is a day of rest to most persons, I am obliged to be equally active on that day.

Though I have summoned you to retire before you felt inclined, and insisted upon silence at a certain hour, was it not that you might be able to rise in the morning with renewed vigour, and perform your duties with more activity? Is the morning not agreeable, and also conducive to your health? To one section of the school I feel grateful for *their* punctuality in attending to my call to study at five o'clock in the morning, through two months of the session, and have no doubt but in after life they will experience much benefit from *their* habit of early rising.

I almost forgot to mention a very exciting day, on which some of your number doubtless recollect they tremblingly waited to hear me, when, as usual, I was quite a conspicuous actor.

It was a mild and pleasant day in March. I heard considerable noise in the rooms of the young ladies long before I was ready to call them, and could not imagine why they were so unusually lively. At length the hour arrived in which they were generally called to their morning duties. Suddenly I found myself transported to the school-room, and what was my astonishment to see it handsomely decorated, and apparently ready to accommodate a large number of visiters—even my particular friend the clock was honoured with festoons of laurel and cedar. I was gazing in silence on the scene, when I heard some voices in the hall. "Oh!" said one, "how vexatious it is to wait so long!" "I do wish the clock would strike!" said my friend who was going to send me to the cellar, and to my great joy I discovered that for once I was anxiously waited for.

My vanity was much increased by announcing some fine pieces of music; and I flatter myself that I was hailed with joy through all the exercises; this was the happiest day of my life.

Since then I have met with many reproaches, but as I am about to part from you all, I feel inclined to forgive and forget.

Some of your companions I never again expect to behold; perhaps they are congratulating themselves on the prospect of freedom from my call, but let them remember that *their* happiest days were passed under my care; and if they have acquired habits of early rising, punctuality in the performance of duties, or promptness to meet their engagements, they may ascribe it all to my discipline.

Others are not yet taking their final leave, and whatever they may be disposed to say of me *next* session, they must not forget that, though I am not reckoned a *young lady*, I am decidedly the *belle* of the school, and the chief favourite of the teachers.

The clock informs me that the hour has arrived for retiring, and I must attend to my duty.

That the path of each of you through life may be strewed with flowers, and the bright visions of your youthful days ne'er be clouded with sorrow, is the sincere wish of your friend,

THE BELL.

ARTICLE VIII.

THE IVY-BOUND OAK.

A LEGEND.

WE find in men many different grades of character, different feelings, and different dispositions. Residence in diverse climes, circumstances, and accident, have undoubtedly produced this. Some are of that humble character which are disposed to forgive and pity, while in others, *revenge* is the lightener of toil, the sweetest draught of life. This is a striking characteristic of the Indian: HE never forgets his wrongs; and when all others have forgotten, *then* his soul seeks *revenge*. But they are a peculiar people; once the proud lords of the soil; but now, driven from their hunting grounds to distant lands, the *Indian* has lost his all —still he inherits his revenge.

Our tale opens in a wilderness scene on the banks of the Chiquesalunga. It was one of those bright and beautiful days in early midsummer, which are so characteristic of the wild forest land; the azure sky was cloudless in its loveliness, and the foliage of the forest was in its perfect repose.

It was a scene of peculiar splendour. The white man had not yet desecrated the spot, and nature was in her wildest luxu-

riance. Nought of sound was heard but the busy hum of the wild bee, and the warbling of innumerable birds. The waters seemed clearer, the streams larger, and the trees of a deeper green in those earlier times, but even *there*, in that *chosen spot of nature*, the dreadful warwhoop had sent its cry, and many a startling echo had answered to its call, those crystal waters had been tinged with blood, and fearful and deadly hostilities committed on its banks. But these times had passed away, though the strife which had so long existed between the Pawnees and Mohicans had not entirely ceased, yet a temporary reconciliation had been effected. * * * The rich golden tints of a summer sunset were flung as a mantle over hill and valley, when Salunga, the pride of the Mohicans, stole silently from her father's wigwam, and, descending to the lake, unmoored the light bark, and was soon rapidly sailing over the waters to search for the first fruits of the wild cherry, which then were luxuriant on its banks. Very fair was that Indian girl! There was much of beauty in the flash of her dark brilliant eye, and grace in every movement of her perfect form. She was small and delicately formed, but swiftly did she ply the oar, and rapidly did the bark canoe bound o'er the waters. Salunga was innocent and happy; no fears possessed her, when, after gazing long and earnestly at some distant object, her quick eye recognised the birchen canoe of Cuambo, the young chief of the Pawnees, and her tribe's most deadly foe; no cry escaped her lips, but with the quickness of lightning she turned her bark, sprang to the shore, and was soon lost in the deep shade of the forest. Her canoe attracted the attention of the Indians; and after various surmises they landed, Salunga was discovered, and the captive of the Pawnee chief.

Many moons had waned away, Salunga still a captive. Her nation had long ceased to mourn for her, and regarded her as lost, and many a prayer arose to the spirits' land for Salunga's welfare.

Cuambo had long regarded the gentle Salunga with partiality; but fearful was the wrath of his father, and many the curses he denounced on his son, at the thought of an alliance with one of the Mohicans.

It was midnight, but the dying embers of a council fire were not yet extinct, and anxiety was depicted on many a Pawnee's

brow as they awaited the decision of their chief, and solemnly were they given that Salunga should no more be an inmate of their wigwams, but be secretly conveyed to other and distant lands, that Cuambo might form an alliance suitable for a Pawnee, and the son of a chief; for rather than Salunga should be his bride, the arrow should be buried deep in his heart.

It was night; fair Cynthia rode high in the blue arch of heaven, studded with ten thousand stars; her soft beams were reflected on the calm waters of the lake, and many a forest tree was glowing with its tinselled radiance. Salunga had bid farewell to the hunting grounds of the Pawnees, and the escort had proceeded many a mile onward towards the western wilds. The evening meal had been silently despatched, and in a chosen spot was their repose. The brow of the Indian was unshadowed with care, and all had sunk into peaceful slumber. But a party are on their track. Often during the day has the Indian's ear been applied to the ground, but his comrades have not shared in his alarm, and at length his fears are quieted.

A gentle whisper at Salunga's ear has startled her—her slight bands are broken, and she stands by the side of her deliverer—it is Cuambo. The danger is passed—Salunga is safe.

Rapidly are those wilds retraversed, and the sun has scarce departed ere Salunga and her deliverer are far on their way to the dwelling of the Mohicans. The sun in his going down still lingers, as if impatient to welcome the Indian girl to her childhood's home, and accompanied by Cuambo she stands within the ivy bower. Salunga, the pride of the Mohicans, has returned, and great are the rejoicings. Cuambo stands alone, unseen, but suddenly the dreadful warwhoop sends its startling cry; the Pawnee plume is recognised, and revenge is the only engrossing impulse of the Mohican's soul—a score of arrows are instantly aimed at his heart—he falls, the pride of the Pawnees. Salunga's vision of happiness has vanished—with one bound she rushes to the cliff, and wildly calling on Cuambo, precipitates herself into the lake. The peaceful waves have closed—*Salunga is at rest.*

* * * * *

Two thousand moons have waned away, but the Ivy Bound Oak still overshadows the peaceful waters of the Chiquesalunga—untouched by the Indian's tomahawk, or the white man's axe

—unscathed by the lightning of heaven, or the desolating fires of man, and the admirer of nature, as he visits the cave near by, often gazes on the aged ivy-mantled monarch of the grove, not knowing that *Salunga's* spirit consecrates the spot.

STELLA.

ARTICLE IX.

ODE TO A DISTILLERY.

HARD by a stream, where nature chose to linger,
Unclosing beauty's stores with rosy finger,
Bread, corn's sacred use commuting,
Vile, polluted, and polluting;
Smoke and stench exhaling ever,
Work of darkness ceasing never,
Breathes the foul distillery.

The lurid flames, in sooty wreaths ascending,
Propel the poison with its bounds contending;
Through serpent coils, its onward course
It presses with diminished force;
The liquid bane, in ceaseless flow,
Appears the harbinger of wo,
Thy boon to man, distillery!

See round thy very doors, even now concealing,
Wild, haggard, tottering, madden'd wretches reeling,
Wounded, bruised, and palsied all,
View thy votaries, Alcohol!
Child, in tatter'd garb, and pale,
Anguish'd mother, whence thy wail?
To *thee* they point, distillery.

Deaf to the voice of wo, the stones reprove thee;
The stream, that mutters by, would fain remove thee;
Erst rising high with giant force,
He swept thy confines in his course,
And late, thy moated wall o'erthrew,
Exposed, he saw where foulness grew,
Thy helpmate, boon, distillery.

With wave indignant from thy touch retiring,
With human wo, his voice I heard conspiring,
" O foul and baleful! on my shore,
Evil like thee was seen before,
Not even in savage days of yore,
When Indian raised his murderous roar
On these wild banks, distillery!"

He paused—again in deeper tones resounding,
With "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" abounding,
" When Truth and Science round thy wall
Have seven times sounded, it shall fall!
Then, who thy base shall dare relay,
His first-born's life shall be the pay;
And ere his purposed work is done,
The shroud shall wrap his youngest son!
Thy lingering doom, distillery!"

E. D. N.

ARTICLE X.

POLL-PARROTISM;

OR,

HOW TO SHINE.

The old adage, that it is easier to talk than to think, is often quoted, but few, *very few*, are aware how much truth is contained in it.

Every person can talk, and indeed the most illiterate, but how? *that* is the question. Some persons can rattle on, like a mill, an hour or two without stopping, and do not feel fatigued in the least, but if you would ask them to *think*, for ten minutes, they would soon become tired. I know of a great many persons, that seem to think *all* consists in *talking;* they resemble the *poll-parrot;* it knows how to talk, but that is all; it has learned to repeat a great many smart things by rote; people talk, and

might think also, and if we ever expect to become truly intelligent, we should not follow the poll-parrot principle.

We all know that it is easier to memorize words, &c. than to learn and understand things, but we do not remember that it is easier for the greater number of us to commit our lessons, or any thing else, which we learn without ever thinking about them after we have learned them. I suppose some of us think, if we can only *say* our lessons well, we need not trouble ourselves any more about them; we shall perhaps find out our mistake too late; if we do not try to understand every thing we learn, committing it to memory will be of no avail to us. It will soon be forgotten. Those that only commit, and do not understand what they learn, must after all be ranked in the poll-parrot classes, higher or lower, according to the few or many things they have learned by rote.

Almost every teacher would much rather *hear* than *question* and *examine*. It is much easier, we all know, but still, ought we to do things which are the easiest, or things which are the best? The greater number of teachers do not think of this; they generally do whatever suits them best. They sometimes hear the lessons by the questions, which are written at the bottom of each page, and when they have heard the lessons thus, nothing more is thought about them; I suppose because they think it too much trouble.

It was early in the spring of 1834, that Ella Merton left her paternal home to attend a fashionable boarding-school in a distant State. It was Ella's first separation from home, and bitterly did she weep; but the tears of childhood are soon dried, and Ella soon forgot, in new scenes that opened before her, to think of those she had left. Ella's parents were among the most distinguished for wealth in the city of P——, and no expense was to be spared, to render their daughter a fashionable lady.

Talented in no common degree was Ella Merton, and one fitted to excite universal attention. Ella was quite young, and had never been abroad to school before; every thing was *new* to her, and every one a stranger; she was soon introduced to all the young ladies, but that did not make her feel any better, for they were stiff and formal as fashionable boarding-school misses ever were. As soon as Ella had rested from the fatigue of her

journey, she was ushered into a very large room, where every thing was arranged in the most perfect order, and all around the school had a very genteel appearance. They were soon busily engaged attending to their various lessons. Ella was placed in the junior section, the lessons were assigned them for the next day, and they were then dismissed for the morning.

Soon after dinner they were called to study hour; they generally had long lessons given them, and their teachers were very particular in making them recite word for word as it was in the book. This would have been very difficult, but they had a nice expedient; each one learned *her own parts;* this they did effectually; for if they were not very particular in noticing every *the* and *and* in the lesson, they would have a black mark, which was publicly read out, with the name, at the examination. Ella studied all the lessons of the junior section. It is not necessary to mention each study, but I must tell you how they learned History and Grammar. In the History which Ella learned, the questions were written in the book, and there was a key to it, in which all the answers were written down. They would then count the questions which would come to them, and learn only their own part of the lesson; true, they would often make some sad mistakes in reciting, particularly if their teacher should happen to skip a question.

As for grammar, *that* was something extraordinary. *Once* a week they had a great lesson which they called *parsing;* they must all have their slates cleaned very neatly, by the time their teacher would be ready for them. As soon as the teacher was seated, she would give them word for word the parsing to write down, and then their hands would be seen moving very rapidly along the slates. After they had finished, they were told to copy it as well as they possibly could for the next lesson. When the teacher had carefully looked over it, the young ladies were directed to lay it up to be preserved as a specimen of penmanship.

Composition was managed as follows: a teacher read to her class a story from a history or some other book, the scholars would write down as much of it as they could remember, and the scholar who succeeded in noting down all the *thes*, *ands*, and *ofs*, was considered to have written the best composition.

The teachers generally were kind enough to write the *letters*

for the scholars to copy, doubtless to improve their style in epistolary writing.

Ella and the rest of the scholars had been preparing for some months for an examination, which was now to take place in a week or two. They all were looking forward to it as if it were to be some dreadful affair. They neither thought nor spoke of any thing but the examination. Many of their acquaintance, far and near, were expected to be present. The long-dreaded yet much-desired day at length arrived. The spacious school-room, dressed out for the occasion, was filled with visiters; the classes were brought forward, and Ella with the rest—unhappily, not much to their credit, as may appear from a specimen of the answers given.

In Astronomy, Ella was requested to state how many degrees there were in a circle. She very correctly, but not very intelligently answered, 360. A spectator then inquired whether there were not more degrees in a large circle than in a small one. Certainly, was the discreet reply.

In History, Ella was asked concerning the capture of a certain city. She stated in answer, that the siege lasted six hours, and that the city was then taken after an assault of ten months. The teacher happening to skip a question, by pure mistake, asked Ella to relate the circumstances of the death of Nero; not knowing that a question had been skipped, and not having learned any answers but her own, Ella replied in the exact words of the book, that "he first sent her to sea in a leaky boat, and afterwards caused her to be strangled, and on coming into the room, declared that he never before thought his mother so handsome."

Whether the teacher noticed the blunder or not, I cannot tell, but certain it is that Ella's eyes brightened at this astonishing display.

Many other ludicrous mistakes occurred unnoticed by the scholars, and we should hope by the teachers also, as the words of the book were always carefully given, however great the absurdity of their application. The winks and smiles exchanged by the visiters on the occasion, showed abundantly that they had not all been educated on the poll-parrot system, and were therefore not prepared to appreciate its success.

Next morning Ella left the scenes of her literary triumphs—

bade farewell to her companions and teachers. She was soon at a home which she had not visited for three years. Her fond parents received her with open arms of affection. She was soon introduced into society, and quickly transformed into a fashionable young lady.

For a time, every thing went on smoothly with Ella. She accepted the invitation of a friend at a distance to spend a few weeks with her. She was gladly welcomed on her arrival, and the first few days passed very pleasantly.

She here met with a lady distinguished for her good sense and intelligence. In conversation with her Ella's ignorance was exposed, and she was deeply mortified; but before her return home, she was fully convinced of the folly of not thinking a little of things themselves, as well as learning the words of a book concerning them; and that the true way to shine, is to possess a mind well stored with useful knowledge, a habit of careful attention, and patient reflection in the use of every means of improvement.

NINA.

ARTICLE XI.

SELF-CONTROL.

PART I.—INFANCY.

SELF-CONTROL is the power of acting in accordance with reason and *duty*, when tempted to deviate by strong and pressing inclination.

Being requested to write an essay on the subject, I scarcely knew where to begin. At last it occurred to me, that the *first lesson* of it is usually taken in the *nursery;* and as it is important to begin at the beginning, it is the writer's wish that all who read this piece, would retrace in memory the earliest they can recollect of their own personal history. The author would, also, gentle reader, like to have you suppose that the following dialogue occurred between a lady who had not been a long time at the head of a family, and her elder brother, whom you may imagine a

gentleman somewhat experienced in the business of education. He appears to have been spending a few days in the country, and enjoying the hospitality of his sister's mansion.

SCENE I.

Brother.—Good mother, what is the matter with your little Jane? Surely you have not heard her, but she has been crying piteously this half-hour.

Sister.—Cry for a *half-hour!* brother! That's no great matter for *her.* She often cries an hour or more, when I have nothing at hand to pacify, and cannot succeed in getting her to sleep.

Brother.—Indeed, sister, I think you will have a strange girl of her, by and by. I never allow a child of mine to cry above two or three minutes at a time, when not suffering bodily pain.

Sister.—I dare say you need not, with cake-shops and confectionaries so near by you. When I have plenty of candy or mintstick, or a little *paregoric* for her, Jane is easily managed; she can be pacified and got to sleep as readily as any child in the world. But here, in the country, we cannot always obtain nice things for a child; and that is the case with me at present.

Brother.—Then, truly, I suppose, cry she must; for, of course, without *goodies* and *paregorics* there is no other way in the world to prevent it.

Sister.—Your answer, brother, seems tinctured with irony—your words do not *mean* precisely what they *say.*

Brother.—No, not exactly. I have known so many children, and even infants, that would cease their crying almost instantly, when required to do so in a proper tone of voice and manner, that whenever I hear a child *continue* crying, I usually say to myself, "Poor little unfortunate! it cries because there is no one that can tell it to stop."

Sister.—Indeed! I should like to know how that is done; it surely must be an easier way than any that I have tried.

Brother.—It is much easier to *tell how* it is to be done, than firmly and perseveringly to do it. Pray, what *causes* your Jane to cry?

Sister.—Something vexes her—and perhaps, sometimes—

Brother.—Stay a moment. Something vexes her, you say—then *anger* is the cause. Now, if you could rouse the antagonist of anger, the crying would be over in a moment.

Sister.—Fear, I believe is the natural antagonist of anger. What, must I speak so as to frighten the child?

Brother.—No, but you must speak and act, so that your command shall be obeyed. In the *first* instances, very likely, if Jane resembles most other children, the *oil of birch,* or some other similar corrective besides *words,* will be requisite to enforce obedience. But your authority being once established—a task often painful, I know, yet *necessary;* how necessary, no mortal ever fully knew—the rising anger will quickly yield to fear; for it is well known, that while *anger* drives forth the blood into the flushing face, fear tends to force it back again, and leave the countenance quite *cool*—the best condition of the system to enable reason to regain her throne. Hence, though obedience may result at first from *fear,* yet soon the *habit* of obeying—the *sense of duty*—and last, but not least, *parental regard* will give the tender mind a moral power sufficient to overcome the angry passions. Obedience in this, just as in other things, becomes, I had almost said, *natural*—very likely the powers of the body, exerted in the act of resisting this almost peculiar mode of expressing anger, gain vigour in every effort. Here we find the first lesson of self-control is learned.

Sister.—This way you describe is *too* hard. I happen to know you are a great enemy to all sorts of confectionary, or I would ask, can I not gain the same results by means of cakes, and candies, and coaxing?

Brother.—Why, sister, if you go to those who keep the articles for sale, it is likely they in their wisdom, would be willing to make out a receipt for the purpose, if you but promise to buy the *supplies of them.*

Sister.—A fig for their wisdom in a matter of this sort.

Brother.—Pardon me, sister, when I tell you, that all these sweet-meat correctives of an angry temper, are only nice incentives to be more angry next time; and the greater and more frequent the excitement of the angry passions, the stronger will their

power become; like a misdirected current, it wears a channe deeper and deeper, until it becomes a *labour* for *Hercules* to turn it into the right course.

Sister.—You interrupted me just now. I was about to say, that Jane cries sometimes from a slight *hurt* or fear.

Brother.—The undue excitement from a trifling hurt, is either from fear or anger—so you have now only fear to manage.

Sister.—Then, on your antagonist plan, I shall only need to make her angry as a little tiger, and she will be quiet.

Brother.—No. In most cases, the thing you propose would be physically impossible; and in every case morally wrong. Courage and confidence are the natural salutary antagonists of fear. Fill your little Jane's bosom with confidence in your *love*, and *power* to help her, and *smiles* will speedily chase away her tears.

I do not know whether the gentleman and lady perceived me in the act of taking notes of their speeches. But certainly, the subject of conversation was suddenly dropped; whether it was resumed during the gentleman's stay, I know not. At first I regretted the apparently abrupt termination of the preceding dialogue. On reflection, however, I congratulated myself in gaining some knowledge of the true spring of *self-control.* Nor was I a little pleased to find it a genuine branch of that *fair* and *lovely* and fruitful tree, *filial* obedience.

SELF-CONTROL.

PART II.—CHILDHOOD.

I LEFT little Jane an infant, in what seemed very interesting circumstances. I could scarcely doubt, but that her gentle mother, inclined as she manifestly was, in favour of the coaxing and candy system of education, would be so convinced of its error as to lay it wholly aside. But the issue proved otherwise. In fact, Jane's mother, with many *amiable* and *estimable* qualities, possessed not the *greatest* possible share of self-control—and who can ever

govern *others* well, that has not learned to *govern herself.* Though she sometimes set up her authority with *great spirit,* used a profusion of the oil of birch, made, poor Jane *tremble* at her look and voice, (for need it be said she too was angry,) yet far more frequently she yielded the point,—gave up what she called the *hard old* way of training, and resorted to the more *modern* and *gentle correctives*—such as *hiring* her to do right—promising *cakes* and *sweetmeats, dolls* and *dresses*—putting out of *reach* and as much as possible out of sight, every thing the child might happen to cry for. True, it became rather expensive as Jane grew older; but who, in these days, grudges expenses that can afford it, when the object is the good temper and gentle bringing up of a *favourite, only* daughter? If the many sweet things eaten, as some people seem to imagine, make a sweet temper, Jane's had been the sweetest in the world—and if there had existed a salutary coercive power rolled up in mint-stick, no young lady of ten years would have possessed a better share of self-control.

But I must introduce her to the ladies of Cedar Hill in a *school* scene. It seems to have occurred during a twenty minutes 'recess.

It was an animated conversation or rather dialogue with a school-companion, whom I may call *Emily*—the youngest daughter of the gentleman mentioned in the former part of Jane's history.

E. Cousin Jane, you do not seem *happy* this morning: has any one offended you?

J. Yes, Emily, I have been shamefully treated by two or three girls—I wont call them young ladies. Such behaviour is scandalous.

E. Pray, what is it they have done to you? You know, Jane, I am your *friend* as well as your cousin—if you will let me *know* your trouble, you will surely find me ready to advise with you, and use my interest with the teacher to obtain redress for any injury done you.

J. You shall know it, Emily, and will tell the teacher myself the moment he comes in. I shall not suffer Ellen Bruce to point her finger and whisper about me to any girl in *this* school. They dared not treat me with any such insolence, in any of the schools where I have been before I came here. These rude things! I perfectly despise them!

E. My dear Jane, wait I entreat you, till you may be a little more composed and calm; possibly Ellen did not mean you, or she may not have had any ill intention in speaking of you. Recollect, it is but a day or two since you entered this school. You do not know the young ladies here so well as you may after a little more acquaintance. Ellen Bruce is—

J. Don't tell me any thing about her, or about my being mistaken; I know what she meant perfectly. This morning, just before school, she came in with something covered up mighty carefully, and put it away in her desk; this excited my curiosity, and I was resolved to know what it was.

E. Why, Jane, how could you think of such an impropriety? you must have known nothing could be more offensive.

J. Do not make a great matter out of that, Emily—after all it was nothing but a little straw basket. But I said I would see it, and see it I did. She went into the anteroom to put on her cape, and while her eye was upon the mirror, I just peeped into the desk drawer, and saw the wonderful said straw basket, as large as life. I left the drawer partly unclosed, and passed quite over to the other side of the room before she returned to her desk—so I know she did not see me at it, and I managed it so cleverly that there was no one present to tell her.

E. O Jane, how could you be guilty of such an act! what would your kind mother—

J. Emily, I always will see every new and rare thing that comes within my reach—my mother knows that very well; and pray, what *hurt* does it do? I did not touch her wonderful curiosity: and besides, she does not *know* that I opened her drawer.

E. True; but, Jane, you have disturbed her property; and clever as was your management, doubtless the image of your stealthy hand was faithfully represented in the mirror,—besides, as no one else was present in the room, who but yourself could be imagined the disturber of her desk? You are to blame, cousin; you are sadly in the wrong; and the only way to repair it is to go at once to Ellen, tell her what you did, and ask her forgiveness.

Jane reddened with shame—demurred—*refused.*

At this moment the bell rung, and the school was called again to order.

An hour after, another opportunity was presented; but though

duty had been maintaining a mighty struggle with *pride* and *shame*,—though her cousin again earnestly entreated, her only reply was, "*I can't* do it."

Indeed, how could she? Never had such a thing been exacted of her at home, nor at any of the gentle schools where her indulgent mother had hitherto placed her.

Poor child! her evil passions, deceit, mean curiosity, pride, and shame, had become too strong to yield to the dictates of reason and duty, enforced by a child not much older than herself.

She went home with her cousin, unhappy enough; secretly resolved to go into the school no more. And as she usually kept her own counsel by telling it presently to any one who chanced to be her acquaintance, her cousin soon received an intimation of her determination. Being under her uncle's care, she requested Emily to inform him, next morning, that she was too much indisposed to attend school.

Emily was at first puzzled to know how to act in this affair, so as not to expose her friend, nor impose on her father;—at length she framed the following note.

"Dear father—cousin Jane wishes me to say that she is much indisposed to-day, and requests she may not be required to attend school. Will my father see cousin this morning? as he will be able to learn the nature of her indisposition more satisfactorily from herself than from me."

Verbum sat sapienti—The uncle mused a few moments over the note—his mind glanced quickly over the past incidents already related—he apprehended at once the *nature* of the indisposition.

The request was granted with expressions of kindness, and an invitation that his niece might spend a part of the morning with him in the study, as he was not to be very specially engaged.

Jane came in presently in evident embarrassment, this, however, was soon removed by the unaffected simplicity and tender interest in her concerns on the part of her uncle, who, in less than an hour, drew from her all the interesting particulars of her childhood. The subject of her present trouble was now unravelled with equal facility—and a few words from his kind paternal lips, in tones of mingled disapprobation and pity, softened down her proud and perverse determination. The tears flowed copi-

ously, and with lamb-like meekness, she was willing to return to school—to see Ellen Bruce. I have lost the ingenuous note that she sent Ellen by her cousin in the afternoon; but her uncle said (and no one could be a better judge) that it was every thing that the circumstances of the offence could require. And now, my dear niece, he added, allow me to give you one word of advice.

When *tempted* to do any thing of a *doubtful* nature, ask yourself "is it *right?*"—"is it *proper?*" and be ruled *not* by inclination, *whim*, or *passion*, but by *duty*, propriety, and *truth*. Be resolved henceforth to be the mistress of *yourself*. But remember, in order to effect this *high* and *mighty* object of "*ruling your own spirit*," you must have frequent and daily recourse to *Him* who giveth wisdom liberally and upbraideth not—who refuses not to supply fresh help in every time of need, to those who diligently seek him.

Whether Jane followed this counsel or not, the writer has not yet been able to learn, but can cordially recommend *every word* of it to all the members of Cedar Hill.

E. D. N.

ARTICLE XII.

PARTING ODE.

When lowering clouds involve the sun,
And darkness premature comes on,
The Alpine traveller turns to view,
And bid his morning joys, adieu!
The streams in gentler murmurs flow;
The groves in brighter colours glow;
The hills in parting lustre rise,
The lake reflects the ambient skies.

Thus when the painful parting hour,
Dims every hope with saddening power,
The past in bright relief appears,
And shines between our smiles and tears.
But see! the traveller gains a height,
Where summits peer in purple light,
He looks beyond the stormy plains;
His heart where cloudless sunshine reigns.

While higher hopes our spirits cheer,
Than on the mountain heights appear;
Shall sorrow fill the parting scene,
Because a cloud has come between?
No! through the gloom we'll urge our way,
With eye intent on heavenly day.
The rainbow promise greets our eyes,
With hope to meet beyond the skies.

E. D. N.

AN ODE

SUNG AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE CEDAR HILL EDIFICE, JULY 4TH, 1839.

When Freedom dawned with cheering ray,
O'er lands that long in bondage lay,
Each gladsome spirit hail'd her home
With shouts of joy, she's come! she's come!
She's come in vain! In vain they cry,
If place to wisdom men deny,
Oh short her stay, and dim her dawn—
Where folly reigns her charms are gone.

With Freedom fair to build a home,
When Taste and Worth and Wisdom come,
And Beauty, Virtue, Wit, and Grace,
Announce their future dwelling-place,
Well may the grove with songs abound,
And rocks and dell repeat the sound,
And heart and voice in concert rise,
In grateful chorus to the skies.

Spirit of holiness, Spirit of love,
Thy standard plant these walls above!
Auspicious power, from ill defend,
And here thy choicest influence lend.
Hence, hence thy light diffuse afar—
Send every spirit hence a star,
To cheer the vales of time below,
Then in thy presence ever glow!

E. D. N.

ARTICLE XIII.

AN APOLOGUE.

A CLOCK stood on the mantel-piece, gay as paint and polish and varnish could make it. Every lady said, "What a fine clock!" —Every body!—No—the honest dial-plate in the yard, often, as the sun shone out, said, "Fie, master, on your fine clock; it goes wrong." And twenty times a day, the disappointed owner goes and puts the gilded hands along to the passing hour; but it did no good—still they were always pointing wrong. Tired at length with his vain *work*—"I'll unlock the casement, and see how matters are within." What a sight!—Wheels loose and dirty, cords foul, and twisted together, weights and all deranged. "Ah me," said the master, "here is the place to begin my work." Away he goes—sends for the horologist, who knows well all the art and mystery of clocks. He comes—begins—examines—and makes thorough work with every part. Cleansed, and polished, and arranged, and every thing put right, the clock goes well now; and even the old dial is not ashamed to call it brother.

Reader—keep thy *heart* with all diligence, for out *of it* are the *issues* of life.

E. D. N.

ARTICLE XIV.

THE WIND.

WHERE is the birth-place of the wind?—The ocean claims it, and the earth also; for it is ever to be found on the mountain tops, and in the plains and valleys.

No prison hath the wind—it pervades every part of the world. Unconfined is its sweep—and none can tell from whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.

It remains not a minute at the same place, but, like the wandering Arab, it is never at rest; it rushes forth in its mighty strength, and man's habitations are scattered before it, like forest leaves; and onward it passes to the sea.

Ah! who hath not heard of the many mischiefs of the wind at sea? Often has the stately ship been rent to pieces by its mighty strength, when it assumes the terrific form of the tor-

nado. Often has it laid whole towns and villages in desolation. There is a wind that blows at times in Oriental lands, called the simoom, a destroyer of the most terrible character; thousands have perished by it during a single night.

Although the wind, in many instances, is the cause of much dread, it is not without its uses; it not only purifies the air, but wafts the ships; and it scatters the seed of Flora's kingdom to immense distances; in some instances, aided by the waves, it has carried them across wide seas.

What is more delightful in Summer than a cool northern breeze?—This is the kindness of the wind. In Winter, also, the wind often comes from the south to warm the earth, and in Summer, to bring the refreshing shower.

How eagerly does the feverish invalid seek the zephyrs of morning to cool his burning brow! And the consumptive, how he longs for the genial breath of Spring! And what is more refreshing to the islands of the south, than the evening sea-breeze, after the heat of their sultry Summer days? The wind has the most invigorating influence: health, and strength, and good spirits it bestows on them who most freely inhale it; without it, we droop as flowers under the burning sun, but, by a kind Providence, even in the midst of Summer, when we are overpowered with heat, the wind, in its course, comes across the mountain tops, and brings us a portion of their cool, bracing atmosphere. The sweet breezes carry away the miasma of disease from infected cities, and restore its sinking victims to hope, and health, and happiness.

IONE.

ARTICLE XV.

HOLIDAYS AT CHRISTMAS.

HOLIDAYS are come at last,
Christmas Holidays are come;
Study, exercise, and task,
All are up, and school is done.

Days of leisure, glee, and greeting,
Time of fairs, and feasts, and shows,
Presents, parties, calls, and meetings,
Cluster round the year to close.

Christmas days are quickly over,
Pastime else would soon be pain;
Holidays would have no lover,
Sped they not to go again.

While they pass in rapid motion,
Ere our school invites return,
We will count, with care and caution,
And each day to use we'll learn.

One that said, "*I've lost a day,*"
When some act of goodness done,
Was not found, on close survey;
Schoolmates, you remember one.

Are we better taught than he?
Know we more the worth of time?
Then our days of choice to see
Wasted, is it not a crime?

Then this season, kindly given,
Toy-like, shall not pass me by;
Though the number be but seven,
Acts of goodness seven I'll try.

E. D. N.

ARTICLE XVI.

TEMPERANCE ODE,

SUNG AT CEDAR HILL, JULY 4TH, 1838—WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

TEMPERANCE, tell us of thy course,
What thy signs of promise are.
Patriot, rolling from their source,
Crystal waters shine afar.
Temperance, do these sparkling streams
Peace, and health, and hope, portend?
Patriot, yes: thy fondest dreams
Wafted on these waves descend.

Temperance, tell us of thy course—
Speeds thy march its onward way?
When the God of truth and light
Bids me onward, who shall stay?
Temperance, will thy beams illume
All the land that gave thee birth?
Patriot, fear not for thy home;
Temperance shall possess the earth.

Temperance, whence that lurid flame
Near yon stream and greenwood hill?
Patriot, there, I own with shame,
Breathes with pestilence the *still.*
Temperance! Temperance! we must part;
Bitter words are not for thee.
Patriot, if a man thou art,
Now assert thy liberty.

Temperance, is no truce allowed?—
Let the fiery waters flow.
Man, of freedom justly proud,
Why embrace thy deadly foe!
Temperance, raise thy banner high!
We will join thy standard now!
Temperance, Truth and Liberty—
All on earth to thee shall bow!

E. D. N.

ARTICLE XVII.

LINES.

That thou shouldst set heart on him. JOB.

WANDERER, desolate, forsaken,
Lowly as thy lot may be,
From desponding gloom awaken,
God has set his heart on thee!

Sinks thy frame in outward weakness?
Ne'er from pain thy members free?
He, on earth who bare thy sickness,
He has set his heart on thee.

Does thy inward spirit languish?
Nought but evil canst thou see?
Burdened soul, with heavy anguish,
God has set his heart on thee.

Art thou fearful for the morrow,
That thou wilt forsaken be?
Will he think thee less than sparrow,
Who has set his heart on thee?

Wouldst thou know why he dispenses
Griefs that even as fires may be?
Thus from dross of sin he cleanses,
Who has set his heart on thee!

E. D. N.

Cedar Hill, September 16th, 1839.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

FIRST SESSION.—MAY 1st, 1837.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE.

1st Assistant—Miss Charlotte M. Torrey, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

2d Assistant—Miss Elizabeth B. Woodbury, Teacher of French and assistant Teacher in Music.

3d Assistant—Miss Clara H. Dodge, Teacher of Music.

4th Assistant—Miss Mary L. Torrey, Teacher in the English Department.

SCHOLARS OF THE FIRST SESSION.

FIRST SECTION.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Elizabeth W. McCorkle,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Rachel J. Patterson,	Rapho, do.
Miss Rebecca H. Tredenick,	Frazer, Chester County.
Miss Mary A. Haldeman,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Ellen Woodbury,	Portland, Maine.
Miss Isabella F. Slaymaker,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Clara E. O'Brien,	Reading, Berks County.
Miss Rebecca M. O'Brien,	Do. do.
Miss Elizabeth Lytle,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Caroline McConaughy,	Gettysburgh, York County.
Miss Mary A. Pinchin,	Philadelphia,
Miss Eloise Pinchin,	Do.
Miss Margaret K. Wilson,	Do.
Miss Rebecca A. Slaymaker,	Salisbury, Lancaster County.
Miss Louisa A. Orbison,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon County.
Miss Elizabeth P. Dorsey,	Do. do.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Susan Pinkerton,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Mary Biggs,	Columbia, do.
Miss Sarah S. Thompson,	Middletown, Dauphin County.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Emma L. Maxwell,	Philadelphia.
Miss Ann McJimsey,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Frances Zook,	Mountjoy, Lancaster County.
Miss Mary Lindemuth,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Sarah M. Sterrett,	Do. do.
Miss Jane D. Slaymaker,	Do. do.
Miss Matilda Zook,	Marietta, do.
Miss Mary Fraim,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Elizabeth Slaymaker,	Rapho, do.
Miss Mary Ann Zook,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Almira Brown,	Philadelphia.
Miss Frances Mishey,	Rapho, Lancaster County.
Miss Susan M. Easter,	Baltimore.

THIRD SECTION.

Miss Helen Sampson,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.
Miss Faithful Slaymaker,	Rapho, do.
Miss Mary Ann Patterson,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Elizabeth Feree,	Mountjoy, do.

SECOND SESSION.—NOV. 1st, 1837.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE.

1st Assistant—Miss Charlotte M. Young, Teacher of Painting and Drawing.

2d Assistant—Miss Elizabeth B. Woodbury, Teacher of French, and Assistant Teacher of Music.

3d Assistant—Miss Clara H. Dodge, Teacher of Music.

SCHOLARS OF THE SECOND SESSION.

FIRST SECTION.

Miss Mary A. Haldeman,	Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
ss Ellen M. Woodbury,	Portland, Maine.
Miss Isabella F. Slaymaker,	Rapho, Lancaster County, Pa.
Miss Rachel I. Patterson,	Do. do.
Miss Elizabeth Lytle,	Do. do.
Miss Mary A. Pinchin,	Philadelphia.
Miss Margaret K. Wilson,	Do.
Miss Isabella F. Magraw,	Port Deposit, Maryland.
Miss Mary R. Slaymaker,	Margaretta Furnace, York Co.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Ann C. Slaymaker,	Margaretta Furnace, York Co.
Miss Louisa A. Orbison,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon County.
Miss Fidelia R. Vandyke,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Susan Tredenick,	Frazer, Chester County.
Miss Elizabeth F. Cameron,	Lewisburg, Union County.
Miss Isabella A. Slaymaker,	Salisbury, Lancaster County.
Miss Susan Pinkerton.	
Miss Mary C. Cromartie,	Gravelly Hill, Bladen Co. N. C.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Harriet A. Cromartie,	Gravelly Hill, Bladen Co. N. C.
Miss Elizabeth P. Dorsey,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon County.
Miss Matilda H. Kline,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Sarah S. Thompson,	Middletown, Dauphin County.
Miss Mary Jeffries,	Lancaster City.
Miss Ann M. Boggs,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Frances Zook,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Sarah M. Sterrett,	Rapho, do.
Miss Mary Lindemuth,	Do. do.
Miss Sarah Hendrickson,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Frances Mishey,	Rapho, do.
Miss Jane D. Slaymaker,	Do. do.

THIRD SECTION.

Miss Susan M. Easter,	Baltimore, Md.
Miss Matilda Zook,	Marietta, Lancaster County.
Miss Elizabeth Sellers,	Mountjoy, do.
Miss Elizabeth Slaymaker,	Rapho, do.
Miss Helen Sampson,	Cedar Hill, do.

THIRD SESSION.—MAY 1st, 1838.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE.

1st Assistant—Miss Charlotte M. Torrey, also Teacher of Painting and Drawing.

2d Assistant—Miss Elizabeth B. Woodbury, also Teacher of French, and Assistant Teacher in Music.

3d Assistant—Miss Clara H. Dodge, Teacher of Music.

4th Assistant—Miss Mary L. Torrey.

SCHOLARS OF THE THIRD SESSION.

FIRST SECTION.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Ellen M. Woodbury,	Portland, Maine.
Miss Matilda H. Kline,	Lebanon, Lebanon County, Pa.
Miss Mary C. Cromartie,	Elizabethtown, Bladen Co. N. C.
Miss Harriet A. Cromartie,	Gravelly Hill, do. do.
Miss Mary A. Cromicheal,	Wrightsville, York County, Pa.
Miss Mary V. Ashmead,	Philadelphia,
Miss Mary A. Haldeman,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Isabella S. Tod,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Elizabeth F. Cameron,	Louisburg, Union County,
Miss Elizabeth P. Dorsey,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon County.
Miss Louisa A. Orbison,	Do. do.
Miss Sarah S. Thompson,	Middletown, Dauphin County.
Miss Mary W. Jeffries,	Lancaster, Lancaster County.
Miss Fidelia F. Vandyke,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth Lytle,	Rapho, Lancaster County, Pa.
Miss Mary Lindemuth,	Rapho, Lancaster County, Pa.
Miss Susan Pinkerton,	Do. do. do.
Miss Sarah Sterrett,	Do. do. do.
Miss Margaret M. Wilson,	Philadelphia, Pa.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Ann M. Boggs,	Columbia, Lancaster Co. Pa.
Miss Caroline Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Ann B. Hendrickson,	Mount Joy, Lancaster County.
Miss Susan C. Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Susan M. Easter,	Baltimore, Maryland.
Miss Sarah E. Oliver,	Pinegrove, Lebanon Co. Pa.
Miss Mary Fraim,	Mount Joy, Lancaster County.
Miss Mary Zook,	Do. do.
Miss Fanny Mishey,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.
Miss Jane Slaymaker,	Oak Grove, do.
Miss Elizabeth Slaymaker,	Do. do.
Miss Faithful Slaymaker,	Do. do.

THIRD SECTION.

Miss Beatrice Flint,	Lima, Peru, South America.
Miss Mary Johnson,	Marietta, Lancaster Co. Pa.
Miss Rachel Haldeman,	Columbia, do.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Elizabeth Carson,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Helen Sampson,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.

FOURTH SESSION.—NOV. 1st, 1838.

FIRST SECTION.

Miss Elizabeth P. Dorsey,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon Co.
Miss Mary C. Cromartie,	Gravelly Hill, Bladen Co. N. C.
Miss Harriet A. Cromartie,	Do. do.
Miss Mary V. Ashmead,	Philadelphia.
Miss Sarah F. Ashmead,	Do.
Miss Isabella S. Tod,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Esther A. Cox,	Estherton, Dauphin County.
Miss Mary E. Graydon,	Harrisburg, do.
Miss Rebecca E. Reily,	Do. do.
Miss Mary E. Ayres,	Do. do.
Miss Clementina Rehrer,	Do. do.
Miss Matilda H. Kline,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Margaret A. Rally,	Florence, Italy.
Miss Isabella F. Slaymaker,	Oak Grove, Lancaster County.
Miss Mary Jane Paynter,	Wilmington, Delaware.
Miss Susan A. Pinkerton,	Harmony Retreat, Lancaster Co.
Miss Sarah S. Quay,	Dillsburg, Cumberland County.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Matilda H. Gloninger,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Ann M. Boggs,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Alice O. Warner,	Philadelphia.
Miss Susan E. Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Caroline Seltzer,	Do. do.
Miss Susan Sheafer,	Wiconisca, Dauphin County.
Miss Adeline Sheafer,	Do. do.
Miss Susan Strickler,	York, York County.
Miss Elizabeth Slaymaker,	Oak Grove, Lancaster County.
Miss Susan R. M. Easter.	Baltimore.

THIRD SECTION.

Miss Helen J. Sampson,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.
Miss Mary Johnston,	Marietta, do.
Miss Elizabeth J. Carson,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Julia A. Rally,	Florence, Italy.
Miss Almira Brown,	Mountjoy, Lancaster County.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE, A. M.

1st Assistant—Mme. Rally, Teacher of French and Drawing.
2d Assistant—Miss C. Dodge, Teacher of Music.
3d Assistant—Miss M. Torrey, Teacher of English Department.
4th Assistant—Miss E. Woodbury, do. do.
5th Assistant—Mrs. B. Sampson, 2d Teacher of Music.

FIFTH SESSION.—MAY 1st, 1839.

FIRST SECTION.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Elizabeth P. Dorsey,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon County.
Miss Mary C. Cromartie,	Gravelly Hill, Balden Co. N. C.
Miss Harriet A. Cromartie,	Do. do. do.
Miss Matilda H. Kline,	Lebanon, Lebanon County,
Miss Mary E. Graydon,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County,
Miss Rebecca E. Reily,	Do. do.
Miss Esther A. Cox,	Estherton, do.
Miss Clementina M. Rehrer,	Harrisburg, do.
Miss Mary E. Ayres,	Do. do.
Miss Catharine J. Murray,	Do. do.
Miss Sarah S. Quay,	Dillsburg, Cumberland County.
Miss Susan C. Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Margaret A. Rally,	Florence, Italy.
Miss Rosetta Van Horne,	Willliamsport, Lycoming Co.
Miss Rachel J. Cameron,	Middletown, Dauphin County.
Miss Ellen Keiser,	Wolmesdorf, Berks County.
Miss Sarah B. Dechert,	Reading, do.
Miss Ann M. Boggs,	Columbia, Lancaster County.
Miss Eliza Gleim,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Matilda H. Gloninger,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Susan Strickler,	York, York County.
Miss Elizabeth Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Mary T. Moore.	Frankstown, Huntingdon Co.
Miss Ann Holmar,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Josephine Smith,	Do. do.
Miss Mary J. Beale,	Tuscarora Valley, Juniata Co.
Miss Jane Slaymaker,	Oak Grove, Lancaster County.
Miss Elizabeth Slaymaker,	Do. do.

THIRD SECTION.

Names.	*Residences.*
Miss Helen J. Sampson,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.
Miss Julia A. Rally,	Florence, Italy.
Miss Elizabeth J. Carson,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Lydia Seiler,	Do. do.
Miss Elizabeth Feree,	Mount Joy, Lancaster County.
Miss Anna Garber,	Cedar Hill, do.
Miss Anna Miller,	Sheafferstown, Lebanon County.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE, A. M.

1st Assistant, Madame D. Rally, Teacher of French and Drawing.

2d Assistant, Miss C. Dodge, Teacher of Music.

3d Assistant, Miss M. Torrey, English Department.

4th Assistant, Miss E. Woodbury, do.

5th Assistant, Mrs. B. Sampson, 2d Teacher of Music.

SIXTH SESSION.—NOV. 1st, 1839.

FIRST SECTION.

Miss Julia Elliot,	Philadelphia.
Miss Margaret Ernst,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Ellen Berrell,	Philadelphia.
Miss Elizabeth Shinnick.	Do.
Miss Mary I. Beale,	Tuscarora Valley, Juniata Co.
Miss Susan Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Sarah Dechert,	Reading, Berks County,
Miss Catharine Murray,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Matilda Kline,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Esther Cox,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Elizabeth Reily,	Do. do.
Miss Margaret Rally,	Florence, Italy.
Miss Mary Graydon,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Elizabeth Dorsey,	Huntingdon, Huntingdon Co.
Miss Rosetta Van Horne,	Williamsport, Lycoming Co.
Miss Rachel Cameron,	Middletown, Dauphin County.
Miss Mary Porter,	Alexandria, Huntingdon County.
Miss Mary Moore,	Frankstown, do.
Miss Rebecca Baird,	Carlisle, Cumberland County.
Miss Susan Graffins,	Alexandria, Huntingdon County.

Names.	*Residences*
Miss Jane McCulloch,	Hannah Furnace, Centre Co.
Miss Alice Warner,	Philadelphia.
Miss Ann Hendrickson,	Mountjoy, Lancaster County.
Miss Jane Slaymaker,	Oak Grove, Lancaster County.

SECOND SECTION.

Miss Christiana Foster,	Paradise, Lancaster County.
Miss Elizabeth Lefever,	Do. do.
Miss Amanda Galt,	Locust Grove, do.
Miss Faithful Duffield,	New London, Chester County.
Miss Matilda Gloninger,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Rebecca Raiguel,	Newbury, Lycoming County.
Miss Caroline Hummel,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Mary Boyd,	Wilmington, Delaware.
Miss Mary Roberts,	Mountjoy, Lancaster County.
Miss Susan Hunter,	Rockland, Berks County.
Miss Eliza Seltzer,	Jonestown, Lebanon County.
Miss Catherine Cameron,	Danville, Columbia County.
Miss Matilda Gloninger,	Lebanon, Lebanon County.
Miss Dorcas Hill,	Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon Co.
Miss Henrietta Wilson,	Lewistown, Mifflin County,
Miss Janette Downing,	Coatsville, Chester County.

JUNIOR SECTION.

Miss Lydia Seiler,	Harrisburg, Dauphin County.
Miss Anna Miller,	Sheafferstown, Lebanon County.
Miss Julia Rally,	Paris, France.
Miss Helen Sampson,	Cedar Hill, Lancaster County.
Miss Anna Mishy,	Do. do.
Miss Elizabeth Ellmaker,	Walnut Bottom, do.

TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL—REV. N. DODGE, A. M.

1st Assistant—Mme. D. Rally, Teacher of French and Drawing.

2d Assistant—Miss C. H. Dodge, Teacher of Music.

3d Assistant—Mrs. B. Sampson, 2d Teacher of Music.

4th Assistant—Miss M. A. Torrey, Teacher of the English Department.

5th Assistant—Miss E. N. Woodbury, Teacher of the English Department.

6th Assistant—Miss S. S. Quay, Teacher of the English Department.